From the Translator

644.k.15.
22

A

TRANSLATION

OF THE

SECOND EPISTLE

OF THE

FIRST BOOK OF HORACE,

TO LOLLIUS;

BY F. N.

WHEN AT MERCHANT-TAYLOR'S SCHOOL, IN 1762;

BEING A TASK GIVEN TO THE HEAD BOYS
FOR THE EASTER-HOLIDAYS.

PRINTED AT THE REQUEST OF SOME FRIENDS, WHO WISHED TO HAVE COPIES.

LONDON:

PRINTED BY W. BULMER AND CO. CLEVELAND-ROW,
ST. JAMES'S.

1800.

BRITISH MUSEUM

A

TRANSLATION

OF THE

SECOND EPISTLE

OF THE

FIRST BOOK OF HORACE;

TO LOLLIUS.

Q. HORATII FLACCI

EPISTOLA II.

LIBER I.

BRITISH MUSEUM

TROJANI belli scriptorem, maxime Lolli,
Dum tu declamas Romæ, Præneste relegi:
Qui, quid sit pulchrum, quid turpe, quid utile, quid non,
Plenius ac melius Chrysippo et Crantore dicit.
Cur ita crididerim (nisi quid te detinet) audi.
Fabula, quâ Paridis propter narratur amorem
Græcia Barbariæ lento collisa duello,
Stultorum regum, et populorum continet æstus.

TRANSLATION

OF THE

SECOND EPISTLE

OF THE

FIRST BOOK OF HORACE.

WHILST you at Rome, my friend, with great applause,
Exert your eloquence in virtue's cause,
Secluded at Præneste, I've read o'er
The writer of the Trojan war, once more;
Who shews what's great, or base; what's good, what not,
Better than Stoics,—in his ample plot.
If you're at leisure, for awhile give ear;
For these my sentiments, my reasons, hear.

The broils of madmen, and of foolish kings,
In his heroic fable, Homer sings;
Where urged to strife by Helen's powerful charms,
Ten years the foes obdurate vie in arms.

Antenor censet belli præcidere causam.
Quid Paris? ut salvus regnet, vivátque beatus,
Cogi posse negat. Nestor componere lites
Inter Peliden festinat, et inter Atriden.
Hunc amor, ira quidem communiter urit utrumque.
Quicquid delirant Reges, plectuntur Achivi.
Seditione, dolis, scelere, atque libidine, et irâ,
Iliacos intrà muros peccatur, et extrà.
Rursum, quid virtus, et quid sapientia possit,
Utile proposuit nobis exemplar Ulyssem:
Qui domitor Trojæ, multorum providus urbes,
Et mores hominum inspexit, latúmque per æquor,
Dum sibi, dum sociis reditum parat, aspera multa
Pertulit, adversis rerum immersabilis undis.
Sirenum voces, et Circes pocula nôsti:
Quæ si cum sociis stultus cupidúsque bibisset,
Sub dominâ meretrice fuisset turpis et excors:
Vixisset canis immundus, vel amica luto sus.
Nos numerus sumus, et fruges consumere nati:

" Cut off the cause of warfare,—we're to blame,"
Antenor cries, " restore the captive dame."
Paris exclaims, " he'll not resign his wife,
" To ensure a peaceful reign, and happy life."
Sage Nestor strives the discord to compose,
Th .t 'twixt Pelides and Atrides rose.
One burns with love, but both with furious hate.—
Their monarch's frenzies subjects expiate.
Sedition, craft and anger, lust and sin,
Transgress without the city, as within.

To shew what virtue, and what sense can do,
He brings the wise Ulysses to our view;
Who, after Troy's proud bulwarks were effaced,
Saw various countries, and their customs traced;
And, bending home to Ithaca his course,
With his companions, firmly braved the force
Of tempests and distress; supreme, he buoy'd
Above adversity's o'erwhelming tide.
You know the vocal Syren's sly deceit;
And Circe's cup, that fascinating treat;
Which had he tasted, he had lived a brute
With his mad mates, and served the prostitute.

We are the MANY, destined from our birth
To battén on the produce of the earth:

Sponsi Penelopes, nebulones, Alcinoïque
In cute curandâ plus æquo operata juventus:
Cui pulchrum fuit in medios dormire dies, et
Ad strepitum citharæ cessatum ducere curam.
Ut jugulent hominem, surgunt de nocte latrones:
Ut teipsum serves, non expergisceris? atqui
Si noles sanus, curres hydropicus: et nî
Posces ante diem librum cum lumine, si non
Intendes animum studiis, et rebus honestis;
Invidiâ vel amore vigil torquebere. nam cur
Quæ lædunt oculos, festinas demere; si quid
Est animum, differs curandi tempus in annum?
Dimidium facti, qui cœpit, habet. Sapere aude:
Incipe. vivendi rectè qui prorogat horam,
Rusticus expectat, dum defluat amnis: at ille
Labitur, et labetur in omne volubilis ævum.

Just like Phæacia's soft and pamper'd youth,
To luxury devoted, and to sloth;
Who slept till noon, then sooth'd away their cares
With the harp's lulling and voluptuous airs.
When cut-throats fierce invade your house at night,
To save your all, will you not rouse and fight?
Anticipate in health the impending ill,
Lest dire disease demand the doctor's skill.
Then take your taper ere the break of day,
In books and business pass your hours away;
Or, when awake, and unemploy'd, you'll find
Love, envy, jealousy, torment your mind.
Why from your eyes do you so soon remove
With care those objects which offensive prove?
And yet if aught corrodes your anxious breast,
You still neglect it, and are still oppress'd.
When once begun, the work is half complete:
Dare nobly then!—aspire to wisdom's seat.
Begin!—for who the present hour delays
To mend his life, in hope of better days,
Is like the rustic, as the stream flows by,
Who soon expects to see the channel dry;
But while he idly views the moving tide,
It still glides on, and will for ever glide.

Quæritur argentum, puerísque beata creandis
Uxor, et incultæ pacantur vomere sylvæ.
Quod satìs est, cui contingit, nihil amplius optet.
Non domus et fundus, non æris acervus et auri,
Ægroto domini deduxit corpore febres,
Non animo curas. valeat possessor oportet,
Si comportatis rebus bene cogitat uti.
Qui cupit aut metuit, juvat illum sic domus, aut res,
Ut lippum pictæ tabulæ, fomenta podagram,
Auriculas citharæ collectâ sorde dolentes.
Sincerum est nisi vas, quodcunque infundis, acescit.
Sperne voluptates: nocet empta dolore voluptas.
Semper avarus eget: certum voto pete finem.
Invidus alterius macrescit rebus opimis.
Invidiâ Siculi non invenere tyranni
Majus tormentum. qui non moderabitur iræ,
Infectum volet esse, dolor quod suaserit et mens,
Dum pœnas odio per vim festinat inulto.
Ira furor brevis est. animum rege; qui nisi paret,
Imperat; hunc frenis, hunc tu compesce catenâ.
Fingit equum tenerâ docilem cervice magister
Ire viam, quam monstrat eques; venaticus, ex quo

To seek for riches, a prolific wife,
And plenteous harvests, are the cares of life.
With competence endued, content remain:
Nor house, nor lands, nor heaps of gold, or grain,
Can ease the anxious mind; or e'er assuage
Corporeal pains, or calm a fever's rage.
The man who would enjoy his hoards of wealth,
Another treasure wants,—a hoard of health.
When wild desires, or fears, distract the heart,
Houses and lands no more delight impart,
Than painted prospects yield to eyes grown dim;
Than fomentations to the gouty limb;
Or to deaf ears the harp, or hallow'd hymn.
The liquor sours, unless the cask be pure.
Abandon pleasures; pleasures pain ensure.
Still let the miser crave: your wants restrain;
A neighbour's welfare gives, the envious, pain.
Sicilia's barbarous tyrants could not find
A torment greater than an envious mind.
Repress all anger, or too soon you'll know,
That anger's paroxysms end in woe.
Rage is brief frenzy; reason must preside,
And curb the mind, lest passion be its guide.
The skilful rider forms the docile horse
To obey the rein, and take the destined course:

Tempore cervinam pellem latravit in aulâ,
Militat in sylvis catulus. nunc adbibe puro
Pectore verba, puer; nunc te melioribus offer.
Quo semel est imbuta recens, servabit odorem
Testa diu. quòd si cessas, aut strenuus anteis,
Nec tardum opperior, nec præcedentibus insto.

When used to bay the hide at home, the hound
Will hunt the deer, and make the woods resound.

In your young breast, yet pure, imprint these rules;
Then learn the lessons taught in higher schools.
New vessels will retain awhile the savour
Which they at first imbibe,—perhaps for ever.
But should you stop, or hastily proceed,
I'll neither quicken, nor retard my speed.

BRITISH MUSEUM